

## Devil's Adornment

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31134842) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31134842>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Piercings</a> , <a href="#">Genital Piercing</a> , <a href="#">Cock Piercing</a> , <a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Porn</a> , <a href="#">Top</a> <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sex</a> , <a href="#">Rough Sex</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Rough Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Anal</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Large Cock</a> , <a href="#">Spit Kink</a> , <a href="#">Choking</a> , <a href="#">Crying</a> , <a href="#">Slut Shaming</a> , <a href="#">Name-Calling</a> , <a href="#">Teasing</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Begging</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound Has a Large Penis (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Size</a> <a href="#">Queen Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Explicit Sexual Content</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 14 of <a href="#">dteam nsfw</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">MCYT</a> , <a href="#">already read it, :)</a> , <a href="#">smut</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-06 Words: 11863

## Devil's Adornment

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

“You heard me,” George shrugged like it was nothing, “prove it.”

Dream stuttered over an answer, arrogant laughter filling his ears to the brim. He crossed his arms, too, but his demeanor was far more defensive than it was cocky.

“You want me to show you my dick?”

Dream has always had a habit of teasing George, but there was something about *this* that made it a little more fun to joke about.

### Notes

i wrote all of this in school

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

No one knew exactly how it had started. Not even *Dream* knew, and he was the one who'd even started it in the first place.

In his defense, it was funny. Even if it reflected back on him as cocky and annoying, it was kind of really funny. George always had the best reactions to all types of teasing, but something about *this* was just a thousand times better—a thousand times more entertaining, because he got a thousand times more annoyed and flustered.

At some point, Dream had taken a liking to teasing George about his dick. More specifically, the size of it. And even more specifically, the fact that Dream was bigger.

Not that he even knew—he'd never seen George's dick. But that almost made it *more* fun, because every insult was built on nothing but speculation and playful accusation. Because he could use the simple fact that it was unknown as fuel for his sick little game, could say shit like "*I just know mine has to be bigger,*" and "*I don't even need to see it!*"

And George wasn't going to ask Dream to show him his dick—not only would that be weird, but it was practically admitting defeat. (And the one time George *did* ask, with a voice full of lilt, Dream had made an argument about screenshotting and using it for blackmail, which was a very long-winded way of saying "no"). Besides, it was all lighthearted anyways, and maybe George took the ruthless teasing a little better than most people would.

So long as Dream kept it off-stream.

And he did, usually; strangely, this particular argument had always been kept a little closer between the two of them when compared with other things. Strangely, Dream brought up their dicks more often when it was just the two of them on call. Sure, he brought it up with their other friends around, too, and they always thought it was just as funny as Dream thought it was. But it was more often than not a strangely private thing, always kept for themselves and not done in performance.

Like Dream just wanted to talk about George's dick, for whatever reason. Like he only wanted to do it where George would surely hear him.

But there *was* one time, exactly *one time* that Dream fucked up. The clip practically haunted him even if it had been a month and a half, but Twitter didn't seem too keen on letting him forget. (It came up in all those "*how did we let Dream get away with-*" tweets, and honestly, Dream didn't feel like he'd gotten away with it at all). It was a terrible clip, but also maybe a little bit funny.

Okay, Dream thought it was very funny.

It had been on George's stream, complete with a facecam that let Dream watch his reaction in high quality playback the moment it all went down. And it had been just the two of them, four hours since George had clicked the *go live* button, perhaps a little too late in a Florida night for Dream to still be awake.

And it came out so naturally, like Dream had said the same thing a hundred times before. (Because he had said it a hundred times before, and Twitter was onto him).

It was a playful argument between friends. George had been playing abnormally well that night, and he'd made it his very mission to rub that fact right in Dream's face. Something about enough skill to destroy him, something about being the best player in the world, something about Dream being secretly *terrible*.

And after Dream had thoroughly argued with all the manhunts he'd won and former speedrunning

records, he gave a quick, lighthearted “*fine, but at least my dick’s bigger than yours.*”

George had sputtered and turned pink, the shade of it obvious and picked up by his high-quality camera. His stumbling had been amusing when Dream forgot about viewers, his obvious flush was cute until he remembered the two-hundred thousand people that could hear his wheezing laughter.

George gave exactly the response Dream had expected, a stuttered “*don’t say that.*” And Dream had only laughed harder, let George follow it up with a “*you’ve never even seen my—*” only to interrupt himself with the shake of his head and a “*never mind.*”

Had it truly only been the two of them, Dream may have pushed harder and teased a little bit more. But with the knowledge of so many people and an ability to clip, he shut his mouth and let George move on. And after the stream, he’d only scolded Dream once before he dropped it, the clip only coming up with friends when they wanted to laugh at the expense of the two of them or call them weird for even entertaining that idea to begin with.

And for the record, Dream had nearly quit joking about it after he’d slipped up on stream. But it had already become such second nature, had already become so *easy*, and George’s reactions would never do anything but egg him on. It was still funny, and George had never asked him to stop in seriousness. (Dream had even asked once if George was okay with all the teasing, and George confirmed that he also found it amusing).

So it wasn’t until George came to America to visit that something noteworthy happened.

It was late, late on George’s technically-second-night with Dream because the sixteen hours he’d slept after landing didn’t count for shit. But he was *here*, and they were sharing space and hearing each other’s voices in real life instead of through headphones, and Dream could watch his best friend’s face turn pink without the filter of expensive webcams.

Truly, it was only a matter of time until Dream said something about their dicks. He may have even gone as far as to say that George would be expecting it, all things considered—Dream had been painfully ruthless for a terribly long time, and it would be foolish to think that sudden kindness would come with physical proximity.

So it was that night. George’s first real night with Dream, when things were innocent and soft-spoken from opposite ends of Dream’s couch—which was entirely too large for someone who lived alone—when Dream finally said it.

He could barely remember what George had said before him, even if he had been so quick to answer. It just spilled out before he could even think, escaped with that same practiced ease that got the sound of his voice haunting his own Twitter timeline.

“My dick’s still bigger than yours.”

George scoffed and rolled his eyes, arms crossing over his chest. With his legs kicked up in front of him on the couch and his feet nearly brushing Dream’s, the tease felt all the more intimate. Like the tension between them was *palpable* for the first time ever, like Dream could reach out and touch it if he really wanted to.

“Is that so?” George rolled his eyes again. “Prove it.”

For once, Dream sputtered. For once, Dream’s face turned pink. For once, Dream was the one rendered near-speechless beneath George’s gaze. And for once, *George* was the one with the cocky grin and raised eyebrow, looking a little too proud of himself for Dream’s liking.

“What?”

And George had laughed. Laughed in a way that he never had when they talked about this, in a way that matched the prideful grin covering his face. He was *never* like this, never so *challenging*, never so quick to fight back—he rarely ever fought back at all, never mind the speed in which he started. He was typically sputtering and defensive, typically choking on a mouthful of “*shut up*” and “*you can’t keep saying that!*”

Where had this side of him come from? Did it have something to do with their closeness on Dream’s couch, with the late hour he was still growing used to?

“You heard me,” George shrugged like it was nothing, “prove it.”

Dream stuttered over an answer, arrogant laughter filling his ears to the brim. He crossed his arms, too, but his demeanor was far more defensive than it was cocky.

“You want me to show you my dick?”

George laughed again, eyes screwing shut in that too-pretty, upturned way that made Dream’s head spin. This was so *weird*, and George sounded so *serious* in such a playful, abnormal way.

“I’ll show you mine,” George said it with a hint of reassurance, though the tang of arrogance would always come out on top. “Look, I’ll even get rid of my phone,” he took the device in question out of his pocket, “then there’s no *blackmail*, as you say.”

Dream scoffed, but even that felt breathy and strained. And George was leaning over the couch and sliding his phone across the carpet to place it on the other side of the room, sitting up properly with his hands by his head as if in surrender.

And Dream gave him wide eyes in the form of surprise, gave him parting lips that would seal shut moments after they’d opened. And the fingers he’d caught against his biceps dug into his skin, gathered the edges of his t-shirt sleeves beneath them and bared into his flesh.

He blinked. George blinked back. “You’re serious about this?”

“Yeah,” George answered quickly, the smirk on his lips spreading wider. “Unless you’re scared.”

Dream barked out a laugh, but the arrogance in it felt feigned. There was something, *something* about George’s self-assured demeanor that made his knees weak. Something in the unexpectedness of it, in the way that Dream could barely recognize the tone of his best friend’s voice or the words he chose to say with it.

Maybe he *was* scared.

“No,” Dream insisted despite himself, “if anyone should be scared, it’s you.”

“I don’t know, Dreamie,” George sighed, eyes losing Dream’s for a moment to flick at his nails, “you’ve talked up your dick quite a bit, haven’t you?” They locked gazes again, everything about George’s look screaming with fire. “Don’t wanna disappoint me, Dream.”

Dream tried not to look too pathetic, but the strain in his responding “*okay, let’s do it,*” made that difficult. And George was grinning wider, swinging his legs in beneath himself to crawl across the couch. It took Dream by surprise when George seated himself on his lap, and the squeak that spilled past his lips threatened to tell George of his shock. (Not just threatened, it *did*).

So George laughed again, more like a coy giggle hidden beneath his breath. And he slung his arms over Dream's shoulders, slid their hips in just a little bit closer with gentle collision. Dream swallowed thickly, hesitant when he set his hands on either side of George's waist.

George rolled his hips, and Dream had to bite his lip to stifle the groan.

"George," he whispered, "what are you doing?"

Laughter came in arrogance again, fingers brushing against the back of Dream's neck. The gentle touch made him shudder, and Dream wasn't quite sure if it was in a good way or not.

"We have to get hard, yeah?" George matched the softness in Dream's tone, every word breath against his lips. "That's the size that matters."

Dream swallowed again, hands tightening around George's waist when he nodded. "Yeah, okay."

And George edged forward just a little bit more, hips stilled but his lips getting ever-closer to Dream's. It was slow, it was *so* slow, slow enough for Dream to dig his fingers into the skin of George's hips beneath his shirt. But George stopped when their mouths were quite literally millimeters apart, the pause long enough for Dream to know it had been deliberate.

But through waning patience and close proximity, Dream had lost his ability to wait—and he slotted their mouths together before he could think it through, tasted George's lips for the first time with calm echoes of *too soon*. Clearly not too soon by George's definition, for he had already split his mouth open and let Dream lick his way past his lips.

There was a shadow of something like disappointment when Dream slid their tongues against each other, something about how George hadn't been in the states long enough for them to already be making out on his couch.

But they were, and it was a little bit more than just amazing. When George edged his teeth against Dream's moving tongue, he decided that he wouldn't want it any other way.

With a gasping breath spilled into Dream's open mouth, George started moving his hips again. Dragged one hand down Dream's front to rub hastily at his cock through his pants, palming both of them in tandem with the careful roll of his hips. Dream tried not to make too many noises, tried to keep the ones he *did* make reserved to quiet breath. He instead gripped onto George's hips impossibly tighter, let his fingertips dig into his skin with temporary divots.

George bit Dream's bottom lip in something like retaliation, dug his teeth into sensitive flesh without a hint of remorse. And Dream groaned, leaned up slightly from where his back was pushed against the armrest, didn't miss the way the movement pushed their cocks together through sweatpants and made George whine.

Perhaps a little bit pathetically, Dream was already hard. But when they slipped away from each other in a spit-slick haze, he figured that George was, too.

"I'm hard," George panted like he'd read Dream's mind, stuttering his hips as if in emphasis, "wanna see?"

Dream scoffed, and it seemed he'd retained some of his lost arrogance through all their messy kissing. He slid a hand down below George's waist to tug him just a little bit closer, sliding their clothed cocks together again with desired friction.

"Yeah," he breathed, "show me."

George flicked him on the shoulder. “You have to show me yours, too.”

So they both shifted their hands down to their own waistbands, and George slid back to sit more on Dream’s thighs and less on his lap. They both looked at each other with a shared hesitance, an unspoken ‘*are we really about to do this?*’ hanging heavy in the air despite the slick of each other’s spit on their lips. And Dream was the first to budge, the first to slide his hands down the front of his sweats and tug his cock out without looking down.

George did the same. And despite the motion of hands settling back where they’d been before, neither of them had seen anything outside of their peripheral vision.

Again, Dream was the first to budge.

“Holy shit.”

Dream could do nothing but stare. He was once again rendered speechless on George’s accord, flushed pink beneath the hands on his shoulders with tightening fingers around a slim waist.

Oh god.

George was— *George was*—

“You’re *pierced*.”

George laughed. “Very observant, Dream.”

One of George’s hands slid down to grip his cock, thumb flicking at the sphere of the barbell that shot straight through the head. And the spin of it made George whimper, the everything of it making Dream tense. God, he was *staring*, but George didn’t seem to mind.

“Fuck,” Dream cursed, “you have a *piercing*, and you’re—” he sputtered, eyes closing near unwillingly when he couldn’t find the words, “—and you’re *big*.”

George laughed with that arrogant edge, dragged his hand down his cock slow enough for Dream to catch it when he opened his eyes. He slid forward in his spot on Dream’s lap, cocks brushing against each other just light enough to make Dream’s breath hitch.

“Am I?”

The feigned obliviousness made Dream groan, made him hiss out the sound through grit teeth without hesitation. And he couldn’t have torn his eyes away even if he’d wanted to, stuck wide-eyed and staring with a desperacy that matched his heaving breaths.

“Jesus,” Dream huffed, “you’ve really been walking around with that thing?”

“Well,” George raised one of his eyebrows, “yeah?”

Dream made another displeased noise, eyes flicking up into his head with exaggerated annoyance. And George was still *laughing*, which made Dream hesitant to repeat himself, but he found the words that hid beneath his tongue anyways.

“You know that’s not what I meant,” Dream accused, and George laughed like he’d been right. “You never argued with me about...” for some reason, it felt weird to say it now, “you never tried to prove me wrong before.”

George shrugged with licks of nonchalance, arrogant smirk still covering his face. The hand on his

cock had long fallen still, nothing more than another reason for Dream to stare down in between them (because *god*, did George's hand look small).

"I think it's more fun this way," George offered, sliding in ever-closer to Dream so their cocks brushed together again, "don't you?"

Dream's breath stuttered when he tried to nod, the hands still swallowing George's waist squeezing tighter. George moved to press their bodies together, moved to press their *cocks* together, watched Dream a little too intently when he forced him to take in the size difference.

"And besides," George shifted his hand to grip both their cocks, "I'm not busy trying to compensate for something."

The cocky edge in his eyes made Dream frown. He was not trying to *compensate* for anything, teasing George about his dick had just been fun. And a part of him was glad that he'd thoroughly exhausted that joke—he couldn't exactly use it anymore seeing how it was pathetically inaccurate.

"Oh, shut—"

Dream was quickly interrupted by a pair of lips shoved against his mouth, hitting his teeth before he could situate himself in a state that was ready to be kissed. But he took the contact gleefully in spite of that, dug his thumbs into George's hips and while a hand slid up the length of both their cocks.

And when George was distracted getting his tongue in Dream's mouth—hand moving with a repeatable rhythm that was clearly absent-minded—Dream moved his hand to brush against the head of George's cock, to rub against one end of the silver barbell and make him groan.

George's hand stilled again, frozen with fingers extended over the bases of their cocks. He bit down on Dream's bottom lip when he rubbed at the jewelry again, when he rolled his thumb with enough fervor to spin the piercing where it lay. Another sound edged through grit teeth, hands withdrew from former places to find the hem of Dream's shirt and lift. They had to break lips apart and Dream had to pull his hand back, but the shirt wound up on the floor before much could be done about it.

Dream took the contactless—aside from their hips—opportunity to do the same to George, to slip his hands under the hem of his shirt and tug it off with ease. He immediately went for his cock again, went to hold it and drag fingertips over cold metal with a force too light to feel much of anything at all.

And he stared—*god* had he been staring, staring at George where he was ornamented with metal, staring at George where his face had flushed and lips had spread open. Their lips hit against each other again, slicked and a little bit messy when they were both so pent up with lust.

Dream realized that neither of them knew when this was supposed to end—because clearly, it had gone long past just comparing sizes—but he decided that, if all goes well, he wanted it to end with George's cock inside of him.

But they weren't quite there yet.

"Can I blow you?"

Dream asked the question in a huff against George's lips, with their foreheads knocked together and their noses just touching. It was first answered with a groan, with a subtle twitch against Dream's hand where he still hadn't moved it, with the flutter of eyelashes that Dream could feel

against his skin.

“Fuck, Dream.”

Dream found it in him to smirk, though the expression was a little bit shaky. And he emphasized everything by pushing his thumb against one end of the barbell, applying just the right amount of pressure for George to feel *something* in what had to be a good way (if his stuttered breath was anything to go by).

“Can I?” Dream repeated, shifting his hand to swipe his thumb over the head of George’s cock.

George pulled his head off of Dream’s to nod. “God, please.”

His shift was immediate. George fell off of Dream’s lap to slide backwards on the couch, didn’t stop until his back hit the opposing armrest and his legs were all spread out in front of him. Dream moved a little less quickly, pausing where he’d sat himself on his knees to, once again, do nothing but *stare*.

George probably had no business looking as good as he did right now. He was still flushed and his lips were still messy, and his hand had found a place on his cock and it was moving. Dream was, quite literally, frozen in his place, eyes seeming to follow the movement of George’s hand with enough intent for him to notice.

He raised an eyebrow with that now-recognizable arrogant edge, the corners of his mouth twitching in a want to turn upward. He raised his other hand up off his thigh, extending it out toward Dream with a twitch of his fingers that seemed to call him closer.

So Dream moved. Leaned forward and shifted closer to George, laying practically on his stomach with his head tipped up to be eye level with George’s cock.

Oh god.

The new angle made everything look just a little bit better, the new proximity only helped. Dream was pretty sure his breath was never escaping the cage in his ribs, was pretty sure he was just going to die on the spot before he could even do anything with that cock. He was just *looking* at it, trying to comprehend the size of it when he was closer and getting a little too caught up on pretty silver barbells.

George had what Dream knew was called an ampallang, and he only knew that because once, he wanted to know how bad dick piercings hurt. (His conclusion was a lot—which is why he’d never get one, and why he was so surprised to see George *had* one). But it was way hotter than he’d ever thought it would be, way hotter when it was *this close* and he was craving the cool taste of metal.

The hand that George had on his cock fell away. Lost contact knocked the head of his cock against Dream’s lips with a weight he wanted to savor, with the chilled touch of silver jewelry where it knocked against hot skin. Dream’s breath hitched in his throat, lips spreading wider like he might just do something.

“Go on,” George said suddenly, shocking Dream’s eyes open when a hand laced through his hair, “suck my cock.”

With an excess of spit already gathered on his tongue, Dream slipped the head of George’s cock into his mouth. The spheres of the barbell pushed at the insides of his cheeks, chilled and flavored metallic where it slid against his mouth. The fingers in his hair twisted, hot breath spilling past George’s lips when he felt the heat of Dream’s mouth.

There was a moment when they locked eyes, Dream's lips stretched over a mouthful and already shining with spit. The inherent strangeness of having his best friend's dick in his mouth had already settled on Dream before he even started swiping his tongue, though the strangeness of his best friend's dick being *pierced* still persisted. He felt the metal glide against his tongue when he swirled it over the head, savoring the shudder of George's breath when he pushed down a little bit harder.

Both of George's hands found a place in Dream's hair, pale fingers threading beneath gold and coaxing his head downward. And Dream took it with flat palms on George's thighs, let his jaw go slack in an attempt to stretch his mouth wider. But he tightened his lips to let George feel the drag, felt metal barbells coast through his mouth in return.

"Come on," George practically whispered, lifting his hips up off the couch to slide his cock just a little bit further. "You can take it."

And though Dream certainly *wanted* that to be true, it wasn't really. He was already gagging pathetically when George's cock hit his throat, both slick metal and slick heat where it tugged another opposing sound from Dream.

George tutted, letting go of Dream's hair with allowance for him to pull off. And he did, sliding his lips off his cock without forgetting to glide his tongue, barbells clashing with his teeth in an unexpected *click* when he moved with a tad too much haste.

Spit spilled past his lips in heavy threads when he coughed just a little too hard, careful fingers gliding up his face with a filthy intent to slick his lips glossy. Dream took George's advances with a responding flutter of his eyelashes, felt fingers wrap around his jaw with half the mind to tug his head forward.

And Dream's slicked, still-open mouth hit against George's cock, sliding metal over his lips that was just as wet as the rest of him. As Dream refocused his gaze, he caught the heavy breaths that shook George's body, the wideness of his eyes and the way an arrogant smirk had become something of an afterthought. Still there, but only just barely.

A pale hand wrapped around the base of a pierced cock, tapped it once against Dream's mouth with a sound lewd enough to make him shudder. And Dream's eyes slipped shut again, encased in an unfriendly darkness that he sought to welcome; vulnerability coming in the trust that George wouldn't do anything to his already straining throat, trust that the twitch of his cock was unwilling and natural.

"Fuck, George," Dream huffed against his skin, the part of his lips over words gliding metal over searing skin.

"How about *after* you suck me off," George said in tease, the hand caught on Dream's jaw tightening with intent.

And Dream moaned pathetically at the prospect, felt his cock throb where it was pressed between his body and the couch cushions. He lolled his tongue out of his mouth and slid his eyes open in a lidded gaze, parted his lips open wider with a shift that let him take George in his mouth again. Metal scraped at the corners of his lips, slick in a glide against sensitive skin, spinning where they caught and leaving George mewling.

Fingers touching jaws found catch in blond hair, didn't apply much pressure when Dream dipped his head down. He pressed his tongue against the underside with an accommodating curve and George let him have his way, let him tip his head sideways to knock metal against the inside of his

cheek and teeth. George groaned, tightened his fingers where they threaded through Dream's hair and pulled him down ever-so-slightly.

With a careful attempt, Dream slid his lips down before George could pull too hard. Flattened his tongue in a tantalizing glide, tried to see how much he could get down his throat before he couldn't take any more. And his throat was already tightening, eyes slipping shut unwillingly when his lips caught tighter around George's cock and the metal edged at the back of his throat. And he gagged, but George didn't let him pull off—instead, he held Dream in place, a wicked grin spread across his face between all the shuddered breaths.

Dream gave him pleading eyes through the wisps of his lashes, whining incessantly through another gag when George dared to nudge him lower.

With a firm hit to his thigh, George let Dream go. And he was quick to tug away from his cock, to leave it slicked and inches away from his straining mouth. Dream whined, pouting up at George with swelling lips that only made him look *more* pathetic. George laughed, quiet and dark, hands smoothing through Dream's hair with rivaling softness.

“You’re too—” he sputtered when George's cock hit his lips, “—too big.”

George tutted again with a laugh, pulling on Dream's head in emphasis. And it knocked metal against the side of his wet lips, dragged on his skin with enough of a roll to pull a noise from both of them.

George looked a little too arrogant for Dream's liking, especially when they were like this—when he had so much desirable power over Dream, when his cock was so close to his mouth and his hands had such a hold in his hair.

“I’m too big?” George teased, one of his hands finding the base of his cock so he could rub it against Dream's parting lips. “I thought you were bigger than me.”

The mock confusion spread through every inch of his tone, cut into with a sense of pride to match the too-hot look on his face. And Dream tried to frown without whining, tried to look displeased without the lust-clouded haze in his eyes giving him away.

“George...” Dream whined like he was against it, though he savored the slick glide of a metal-adorned cock across his lips.

“Admit it, Dream.” Rough hands took Dream by the face, tipped his head up and away from his cock to strain his neck and look him in the eye. “I wanna hear you say it.”

Somehow, Dream managed to twist his face where it lay turned up and strained. He knitted his eyebrows together and frowned with his last lick of arrogance, forced a laugh out through swelling lips and watched George's face edge deeper in displeasure.

“Cocky bastard.”

As if in answer to poorly quipped statements, George spit on Dream's face. It hit the corner of his mouth dead-on and spread, gliding across his already slicked lips with a mission to make them wetter. And Dream whined, high and in his throat, tongue darting out to lick up every bit of it he could reach as George's hand slid down to his throat.

“Don’t play games with me,” George's hand tightened with intent, “say it. Admit that you were wrong.”

Maybe it was just a strange wish for George to spit on his face again, maybe it was a want to see how much further he'd go from that—but Dream shook his head in defiance. And that made George growl, *growl*, low and hot in his chest with enough sound to make Dream tremble. He'd been right, George did spit on him again—but not before he pried his lips open with the hand that had been on his cock to make sure it all landed on his tongue.

Dream whined, rolling his hips against the couch in a hopeless chase for friction. George only tightened his hold on Dream's throat and wiped his own mouth off with the back of his hand. Hands gripped George's thighs with harsh tightness, and Dream's head felt foggier the harder George squeezed down on his throat.

“Admit it, Dream.”

His words spilled heavy through grit teeth, fell against Dream through his stuttered breaths in one final demand against disobedience.

“I was wrong!” Dream gasped, leaning into the palm that lay against his throat. “I was wrong, George, *fuck*, I was wrong, I’m sorry.”

George grinned with a new sense of pleasure, slipped his hand off of Dream's throat and tapped him gently on the cheek. And when he leaned back to fall against the armrest again, Dream was reminded just how close he was to George's cock and just how little effort was required to get it back in his mouth.

He ducked his head down as far as he could get it without gagging, eyes blinking shut when metal clicked against his teeth again. And he tipped his head to the side to roll the sphere against the flat of his tongue, sucking George off with an almost lazy ease that was doing nothing if not making him drool.

And George looked far less (hotly) angry than he had; pupils blown wide and hard to see against the umber of his eyes, face flushed pink in a shade that made his scatter of freckles visible. And breath fell past his lips with heavy collapse, shifting his entire chest on every inhale when Dream dared to roll his tongue. With motions that spun George's piercing, Dream whined around his cock.

George had busied his hands with gathering the spit off the corners of Dream's mouth, edging his slicked fingers against straining lips without clear intent. But no matter what it was, it made Dream whimper, made him tighten his lips as if that would keep George's hands away and move his head just a little bit quicker.

It was a rather tantalizing drag—his tight lips on George's cock—and it was enough to pull George's breath just a touch closer to a moan when he pulled up. And it was in a chase for that same absurdly hot noise again that Dream focused his attention, focused it more specifically on the metal-adorned head of his cock.

It was easy to roll his tongue over spheres, easy to spin barbells where they lay and stagger George's breath. Easy to suck down on the head with tight-lipped intent, swirl his tongue over it and catch on every inch of metal while staining his lips with the taste of George's precum.

George hummed in acknowledging pleasure, let Dream pull a hand off the top of his thigh to grip his cock, let him pull his lips off to slick precum and spit down the length he couldn't reach to avoid the unpleasant drag of dry skin on skin.

George tipped his head back, fingers finding their way back into the blond of Dream's hair and

making no moves to tug. If anything, he was gentle, letting Dream jerk his cock in tandem with the swirl of his tongue. In tandem with catches on pretty silver metal, in tandem with all the pathetic whimpers that spilled right against his cock.

And Dream's other hand shifted, too, sliding down between his body and the couch to wrap fingers around his aching cock. He dragged the hand on George up to meet his lips, whined when he swiped a thumb over the head of his own cock and pulled just a little too hard. He moved rather desperately, rolling his hips to meet the jerk of his hand where his knuckles hit the couch, laving his tongue over hot metal with a veneration that made his head spin.

When George dropped his head to look forward again, the cocky smirk found its way back over desperate lips. And Dream met his gaze—pathetic desperation spelled out in neon lights through glassy emerald eyes. One of those too-hot laughs came out of George's mouth in the midst of heaving breath, the sounds laced beneath it closer to moans than accusations. And his hands stroked gently through Dream's hair, caught on the top of his head and pushing back so his teeth hit metal.

“Christ, Dream,” he huffed with the same taut desperation, “you really like my cock that much?”

Something in Dream twisted ebon, something only urged tighter with the clash of metal and teeth. And he keened, making pathetic noise around a cock that stuffed his mouth full when his eyes flitted up toward his skull. A hand now wrapped around the base of his cock squeezed tighter, and Dream knew it was pathetic to be as close as he was just from this.

He slid his lips down George's cock with intent, let his hand glide with his lips and felt metal graze over the insides of his cheeks. He let himself gag in the way that was light enough to get away with, nothing more than a choked sound that was hot instead of painful. And George seemed to agree, moaning again with the buck of his hips, forcing his cock just a little but farther until Dream felt the metal hit against his throat.

His face dropped against George's thigh, cloudy eyes wide open with lashes flicking over them in feigned innocence. And the roll of his tongue over whatever part of George's cock he could reach seemed to beg, and it begged in the same tone as the hand still jerking his own cock.

“You want me to fuck your face?”

Dream whimpered, tugged his lips off George's cock but not without knocking his teeth against the metal. He let his gaze linger on the slick barbell that seemed to stare back, already leaving the strange taste of metal all across his mouth but still promising *more*. And it was a force for Dream to lift his eyes back up to meet George's, to leave his pierced cock behind in peripheral vision in favor of his arrogance-coated expression.

“Please.”

George laughed his twisted laugh again, knocked Dream's hand away from his cock to replace it with his own. And Dream spread his lips apart on instinct, let George drag the head of his cock over his spit-coated mouth in glides. Metal caught along his open mouth, precum slicking over his lolled out tongue. Dream looked up at George with a lidded gaze, desperate and seductive in every sense of the words. George tapped the pierced head of his cock against Dream's tongue with a wet *slap*, the quiet sound of it close to obscene in the way it fell upon their ears.

Dream whined with his open mouth as if in encouragement, swiped his thumb over the head of his own cock to satiate himself. And George's free hand came to pry his jaw open wider still, imbuing a dull ache into the muscle surrounding Dream's mouth while he stretched to meet George's

demands. But his cock was slipping into his mouth, and Dream forced his lips shut over it with the same impenetrable tightness as before, let George hold the sides of his head with two hands to control his pace.

He started off so gentle. With a careful, deliberate pace and a kind grip in his hair, George started off gentle. And piercings were nothing more than a soft glide against a pink tongue, the barely-there tang of metal that could scarcely be tasted when the glide was so light. But when Dream flicked his desperate eyes up to George's panting face, when he batted his eyelashes and keened like he wanted more, George gave him what he'd gotten so good at asking for silently.

George went harder. Raised his hips up off the couch to match the lower of Dream's head, tightened his grip to pull on his hair with a ruthless edge. And he slid just a little bit more of his cock down Dream's throat than he would've taken had it been up to him, let him gag quietly over things he wasn't used to and feel metal tap against unseen parts of him.

Dream gripped the base of his cock with near-painful force, knuckles pinned against the flat of a cushion where he pressed his hips down without much direction. But when George was doing what felt like a hundred things to him at the exact same time, Dream was a little lost to the hand on his cock.

Dream was practically fighting himself to keep his eyes open, but he *really* wanted to keep his gaze on George's face. It was twisted with a fervor to match his panting breaths, eyes flicking hazy in a cluster that matched Dream's emerald. And he bucked his hips up with enough force to make Dream gag, enough force to knock metal in places that only made it feel more like desirable agony and Dream was knocking the heel of his palm against George's thigh before he could think.

He was pulled off in seconds, gasping over slick breath with a startling amount of *chase*. And George's cruel grip turned quickly to gentle hands, swiping lost saliva up off his chin and brushing his face with newfound kindness.

“You alright?” He asked in desperate breath, chest still falling over itself on every near-lost breath.

And Dream sputtered, tried to swallow excess spit and nod, tried not to get too distracted by the way George's cock was just *there* and he looked so  *fucking close*. He brought both hands up to rest on George's thighs, settled for the harsh press of his cock against couch cushions and maybe, *maybe* the intentional lift of his ass to be just a little bit higher than before.

With the way George's eyes seemed to lose his face, Dream was sure that he'd noticed.

“I'm fine.” Dream nodded, choking long gone in favor of heaving breaths. “Keep going, I like it when you're mean to me.”

The concern on George's face slipped away the moment those words passed Dream's swollen lips, replaced by the cruel gaze of before and a rather sick grin. But as Dream had come to know a little too well, *he liked when George was mean to him*, liked it even more when he wore those too-hot expressions of arrogance with eyes that told a future not too bright.

Dream spread his lips open in encouragement, swirled his tongue around the leaking head of George's cock to flick the metal on every spin. And with a heavy breath, George grabbed his head to slide him down again, to cram as much of himself into Dream's throat as he could possibly fit and sputter over a moan.

“You're a slut,” George seemed to whisper, though his awful tendencies when it came to being quiet mixed with the harshness that made Dream's head spin pulled it closer to average.

And in the midst of Dream's responding whine, George landed a slick of spit on his cheek, hitting right beneath his eye and gliding down in search of his mouth. When Dream whimpered with a quiet hope that he'd do it again, George only leaned back with his grin, held Dream by the hair and thrust his hips up into his wide-open mouth.

Every time Dream found his mouth swallowing only the head, he did his best through relentless movement to move his tongue in every way he knew how. To snag one side of the barbell with the curled tip of his tongue, to roll the underside over metal and feel it in a new part of his mouth, to catch it against his bottom teeth with the same *click* he'd grown to love.

"Holy fuck," George's movements began to falter, "I'm so close, Dream."

And his hands loosened grip within seconds, and Dream slipped his mouth off his cock to push lips against the head and catch his tongue around the jewelry. With a too-quick hand, George jerked himself until it came spilling out against swollen lips, until white was streaking a lolled out tongue and was slicking over pretty silver piercings.

Dream gasped with breath-catching intent as if *he'd* been the one to finish, eyes not daring to abandon the sight of George in all his post-orgasm glory. The head of his cock still slicked with spit and cum, his thumb flicking over dirtied metal with an intent Dream couldn't quite read. And his face was all pink and in breath, head tipped back over the edge of the couch with a hand spread over his eyes.

"Good?" Dream asked, and only then did he catch the worn edge to his throat.

"Fuck, Dream," George laughed quietly, ebonless in enjoyment. "Come here and kiss me."

Dream didn't waste any time, crawling up the couch to put their mouths in line and capturing George's lips in a kiss. He tried to straddle George's waist without resting too much of his weight on him, held himself up with hands on the armrest George still leaned on and let him slip his tongue into his mouth.

He knew he tasted like George. Like skin and metal and all things hot and slick. And he was letting George have his mouth whatever he wanted, shifting one of his hands down to grip both their cocks again, wondering somewhere in his head how long it would take George to get hard again and how hard he'd fuck him if he kissed like *this*.

Because his kisses were just as cruel as he'd been before. Tugging hands in blond hair, ivory teeth in lead before pink lips, low sounds that felt trapped in slim rib cages and swirled red in lieu of flame. It was enough to keep Dream's mouth stuck open, enough to make him feel close to useless where he barely reciprocated beyond the motion of his tongue. But George was apt to take it, and the hands that toyed with the metal of his piercing served to make up for any lost fervor.

They fell away from each other just as quickly as they'd started, turning to heaving breaths against parted lips that spread across skin in red heat. Dream didn't halt the motion of his hand, leaving his cock untouched and desperate in favor of feeling George twitch to full hardness again.

And the man in question gasped, dug fingers into the back of Dream's neck with nails long enough to leave marks, gave him a wicked look through his dark eyes that seemed to say *watch it*.

Dream grinned, but arrogance was a foreign concept to dick-sucking lips. "Can you still fuck me?"

George's breath caught in his throat, nails only edging deeper into the skin beneath blond hair. And he swallowed before answering, lifted his hips just enough for Dream to feel the slide against

his palm, nodded too shallowly for Dream to see with their proximity.

“Yes,” he breathed, “I can still fuck you,” and after a beat, “you fucking whore.”

Dream whimpered without the muffle of George’s cock between his lips, let his head fall against George’s shoulder before the look on his face got too embarrassing. And the laugh that followed had found the shades of ebon again, echoed with thick darkness in a drip of careful raven that sounded just so *hot* to Dream’s waiting ears. The hand on George’s cock had fallen still, nothing more than the clasp of thick fingers and a brush of metal on tan skin.

“We should go back to your bedroom,” George still spoke with that careful twist, tapped his hand against Dream’s fallen head and laughed quietly in his ear.

Dream whined. “Too far.”

George rolled his eyes despite Dream not being able to see it, settled instead on a slap to his ass with enough force to make a noise. The responding sound Dream made against George’s bare shoulder was intoxicating, even half-muffled when lips pressed against skin.

“You want me to fuck you, right?” Dream keened, and it meant *yes*. “Then get up.”

The harsh edge to his tone sent Dream stumbling to his feet, though his knees were shaky and his cock was still definitely out. But they made their way to Dream’s bedroom as fast as they could in their strange state, slipped the door shut behind them with eye contact that held multitudes of forlorn tension.

Dream laid down on the bed and took his pants off. And he watched George walk ever-closer, laid bare and waiting on the mattress with his hands up by his head as if touching himself would make things worse. (But did he want to make things worse?) George had paused at the side of the bed, one hand on his cock in a slow motion—he didn’t miss the way Dream’s eyes seemed to follow the movement, seemed to linger a little longer when pale knuckles brushed against silver.

“George,” he whispered, a lick of urgency hidden in his tone, “please.”

So George decided to stop wasting time, stripped himself of his pants and got up on the bed to situate himself on top of Dream. And apparently *situating himself* meant straddling Dream’s hips and sitting on top of his cock, the weight enough to make Dream whimper with the same fluttering eyes from before.

George laughed and leaned forward, caught Dream’s lips with the tooth-first fervor the two of them were growing used to, let the pierced head of his cock lay against Dream’s stomach with a slick glide every time he shifted. George laced their fingers together on top of the mattress, kept Dream pinned to the bed as best as he could for someone significantly larger than himself and licked back into his open mouth.

And Dream still tastes like metal, still tasted like *George* with the same kind of hot claim that hickey-covered necks had. But this was private, *secret*, a taste meant only for George’s tongue and Dream’s lips and only behind closed doors. Like glistening metal beneath the shitty light bulbs scattered through Dream’s house, it felt special—special in the sickly hot way, special in the same way that exclusivity in a friend with benefits did.

Special or not, Dream was growing impatient. He’d resorted to squirming against the bed with strings of whined on his lips, to pushing his (much larger) hands up against George’s grip in half-assed attempts to slip free. It was more for show than anything, and the fact that Dream *wanted* to

be pinned down by George was hellishly intoxicating.

Lips slipped apart in their wet glide, a thick string of saliva connecting their mouths post-break. When George's tongue darted out to lick his lips, it snapped, falling against Dream's open mouth where he huffed in desperacy.

"George," he said again in a plea, lifting his hips up off the mattress to brush their cocks together. "George, *please.*"

George laughed in that twisted lilt of his, breath falling against Dream's mouth when he squeezed his hands tight. Dream squeezed back, interlocked fingers clinging to each other with a new kind of desperacy, breath mixing taut in the air between them where George's lips dripped in tease.

"You want something?" Dream whined in answer, blunt nails scraping the backs of George's hands. "Where's your lube?"

Because *of course* Dream had lube, and his nodding in the direction of his night stand directed George straight to the half-empty bottle—which he hung above Dream's head with a tilted look of accusation. Dream only clenched his open hands into fists and whined, tried to tip his head away from George's watchful gaze. Unsurprisingly, that didn't work, a rough hand finding his jaw to force eye contact through all his whining.

"Dream," he tapped the side of the bottle with one finger, "you use this a lot?"

Dream only whimpered, tried to tip his head up as if that could save him from embarrassment. But George had too tight of a hold on his face, tugged his head straight the moment he faltered and raised his eyebrow in impatient wait.

"I want an answer." Dream screwed his eyes shut and nodded. "With your words."

"Yes," he sputtered, "I use it."

The rough hand reeled away from his face, and Dream could hear the sound of the cap when George opened the bottle. He let his eyes flick open to watch him slick up two fingers, watch him drop the lube against the bed and grab onto Dream's thigh with his unslicked hand.

The second George started circling his rim, Dream was mewling.

"How many fingers?" George paused his movements to prod gently at his hole. "How many fingers, Dream?"

Dream took a gasping breath, tried to shift his hips down in a desperate want for *something* to be inside of him. But George was either too fast or Dream was too predictable, because that lone finger followed his downward movement and barely came close to slipping in. Dream whined, and all George did was look at him expectantly.

"Three," Dream whispered like it was a secret, "just three."

George hummed his way through a more desperate sound, finally inching the tip of his finger into Dream and wasting no time to start twisting it. Dream's breath faltered, hands pressing flat against the headboard in a search for leverage to push down on George's finger with. But George was being careful in the horribly mean way, where the sick grin was still all over his face and his lax pace came with a desire to see Dream whine. The care felt feigned in the hottest way possible—and it *did* make Dream whine, made him slide his heel against the sheets when he shifted and George reeled his finger back to follow.

“Please,” he whispered without thought, “I can take it, George, please.”

George laughed again, dropping Dream’s bent knee over his shoulder to slap his free hand against his side. And he did (surprisingly) oblige, pushing the rest of his index finger into Dream and watching it disappear. Dream moaned in beautiful answer, the leg over George’s shoulder bending further and forcing him to tip closer. George curled his finger as if in response, reveled in the broken moan that came caught in Dream’s chest.

“You’re *desperate*,” George emphasized it with a harsh thrust from his finger, “aren’t you?”

Dream whimpered, trying to circle his hips. All his movement had pushed his body flush with George’s hips, had bent the brunet’s wrist in a twisted position that didn’t look too comfortable. But when he could feel the heat of George’s cock against his skin, Dream didn’t have it in him to care. He only threw his head back and made his neck a pretty arch, the blank expanse of his skin looking all-too inviting to George and his cruel teeth.

So with a middle finger gliding gently along Dream’s rim, George dipped forward to push his mouth against his neck. And Dream whined immediately, one hand falling away from the headboard to grip at too-long hair, to pull George’s head up into the curve of his neck and urge him to bite into his skin. So he bit, laved his tongue over the skin that rose between his teeth, sucked it deep with eventual purple and didn’t let his teeth fall away.

In tandem with the shift of his mouth to a new empty place, George slipped his second finger into Dream and felt the whine where it slid up his throat. Tanned fingers in brown hair pulled twisted, pale fingers scissored in stretch. George groaned against Dream’s neck when he felt resistance, savored every desperate mewl that fell past still-swollen lips.

And their cocks were caught between their bodies, pressed up against each other in a way that let Dream feel the chill of metal. He tried to roll his hips up into the hardness of George’s cock, tried to push down into the stretching urge of his fingers—either way, movement got George’s teeth digging harsher into his neck, got chilling growls spilled against bruising skin when he dared to move too quickly.

“More,” Dream whispered, “I can take one more.”

George laughed against his skin, spread those two fingers as far as he could get them when they were inside of Dream. And the stretch made him mewl, made him tip his head back further as if he was welcoming the harsh ivory. But even through all the cruelty in George’s chase for amethyst, he took his lips off Dream’s neck and sat up to grab the lube. When two fingers were tugged out of Dream’s hole, he whined in desperate emptiness.

George scoffed. “Slut.”

Dream keened despite the word’s degrading quality, twisted against the mattress while George dripped lube on three of his fingers. And though all of Dream’s pathetic whining may have said otherwise, George was quick to get two of his fingers back inside of Dream. He sighed in full contentment, rocked his hips down against George’s spreading fingers while a third edged at his hole.

It was neither careful nor rushed, only straining in the way George finally got three fingers inside of Dream, straining when he twisted and spread them apart. His fingers were long and unforgiving, scarcely missing the *right spot* with too much precision for it to be accidental. Dream tried to twist his hips in the right way to make George knock it accidentally, but the spreading grin and careful motions told him it wasn’t going to happen.

And maybe it had been too long, maybe it hadn't been long enough. Time felt foreign to Dream's hazy mind, half-fucked out on nothing more than three fingers and the promise of silver barbells. His cock was leaking pathetically over his stomach, bent knee still caught on George's shoulder with the push of his thigh on his chest. George twisted his fingers quicker than he had been, let his free hand fall against his cock with a tantalizing flick to the metal adorning it.

"Please put it in," Dream whined with high-pitched desperacy, using the leg on George's shoulder to pull himself closer. "George, *please*, I want you to fuck me so bad."

George slapped an open hand against the side of Dream's ass again, shoved his fingers against his rim as harshly as he could. It dug his knuckles into Dream's skin, made him sputter over another high sound before it could spill past his lips. And George was grinning like the tight hold around him wasn't making his head spin, grinning like the desperate noises weren't pulling him so close to falling apart.

"Yeah?" The strain in his voice was near-invisible to desperate ears. "Tell me how bad you want it."

And his fingers froze. Dream whined with the same high tone, legs shaking on either side of George's waist. But George only raised an eyebrow with cruel edge, looked at Dream with sick expectation and stilled fingers.

*He wanted him to—*

"I want you to beg."

Dream whined, and George moved his fingers. He pulled his fingers *out*, left Dream empty and dripping lube onto his sheets with pathetic whines. And he searched himself for the ability to speak, dug nail-first in a chase for pleading words that even he knew would sound pathetic when they finally came out.

"Please," even just that sounded pitiful, "please, George."

George tapped his finger against Dream's hole with a hum that searched for more, watched his emerald eyes edge wider in searching desperation. And the press of George's finger against him only made him mewl, everything still slick with lube and burning hot in close proximity.

Dream swallowed thickly. George was waiting for him.

"I want your cock so bad," he whined in hush like it was a secret. "I want you to—" he gasped when George pressed harder, "—to fill me, please."

George tugged his finger away. "You want to be filled?"

In the midst of a responding whine, Dream gasped out a "*please.*" George picked the lube up off the bed where he'd left it, slicking up his cock with—in Dream's eyes—an unfavorable lack of urgency. But then he was pressed against Dream, the pierced head of his cock flush against his hole. And Dream was gasping in desperate breath, hands flat on the headboard with half the mind to push down—but George had taken hold of his hips and had no intent of letting up, content to sit there with nothing more than the heat of Dream's desperacy pushed against his leaking cock.

"I'll fill you up, Dream," he whispered, the smirk on his face half gone in shared lust.

And Dream looked down at his cock, at the cool metal where it brushed against his skin. His breath caught with impending anticipation, with the smallest hint of fear hidden deep within his

ribcage. It caved in on itself with the heavy weight of excitement, with a want to shove his hips down onto George before he either of them could even think.

But he laid still, shaking hands against wood and shaking thighs surrounding a thin waist. The hands holding still on his hips carved nails into flesh, and Dream reveled in the idea of the little crescent shapes they'd leave behind.

“Yeah you will.”

George hummed, and he finally, *finally* pushed forward. And Dream already felt tighter than he'd thought he would, vice-like in the hold he had on George before he could even feel the metal properly. But when he felt it, he fucking *felt it*.

Chilled metal pushing on his rim, stretching him wider than George's cock was already and leaving him fucking desperate. He could probably come now if George just *said* the right thing with how that barbell dragged along the inside of him, with how good George just filled him even without it. In his timeless haze, Dream would swear it had taken half of forever for George to sink down to the hilt, for his hips to press flush with Dream's ass and for him to stop in strung-out patience.

George fell forward, caught himself with hands on either side of Dream's head. And Dream's legs followed the movement in increasingly twisted positions, stretched in a way he found desirable with a burn he wanted, more of. Heavy breath mixed in the air between them, and Dream could feel it when George's cock twitched inside him and pushed with burning metal.

“Fuck,” George huffed against Dream's ear. “Tell me—” Dream tightened impossibly in chase of George's breath, “—tell me when you're ready.”

Dream whined, lifting his hands up to hold George by his slim shoulders. And he spread his legs just a little bit farther, slung the one not on George's shoulder around his waist to tug him closer still. And with a deep breath that moved George's body against his chest, Dream finally nodded.

“You can move.” George pressed his lips against the side of Dream's neck. “And don't be gentle,” his breath caught when lips became teeth, “please.”

The breath in Dream's ear was half-spun into a laugh, dark enough to leave a mark alongside the etch of teeth marks in skin. George sat up on his knees, moved his hand to grab Dream's thighs and tip his body upward where he wanted it.

“Yeah?” George teased, thrusting his hips once in shallow harshness. “You like it rough?”

Dream mewled, hands against his headboard when he tried to chase the move of George's hips. So George thrust his hips just a little bit harder, slammed into Dream with increased fervor and the lewd slap of skin-on-skin. And it dragged, *dragged* metal against his tight walls in motions Dream could barely track, the only thing he knew for sure was it felt like fucking heaven. He was half-tempted to beg George to go faster, half-tempted to let the last edge of his filter slip away through his fingers in favor of pathetic babbling.

But George went faster without him even having to ask, digging nails into the skin of his thighs when he pushed his legs further apart. They made the whole room sound terribly obscene, a twisted mix of slick and skin and screaming, of heavy, high-pitched breaths that spill past lips when barbells catch in all the right places.

“Feel good?” George asked in breath, though he probably didn't need to—the too-hot expression

that covered Dream's face looked nothing short of pleased, and the sounds in his throat only emphasized that fact.

But even still, Dream tried to keen. Tried to show acknowledgement in a state without words, got lost in a catch of metal rolled against him in tandem with the heat of George's cock. And he was so *full*, full in a way that made it hard to breathe, full enough that he swore he felt it in every inch of his body. George was so *big*, it still made Dream feel intimidated even when he was already inside him.

And it was that, *that* which finally tugged coherent words past Dream's gasping lips—less *words* and more *word*, huffed in tantalizing repetition in some kind of filthy prayer. Dream stumbled over the word “*big*” in quiet breath, barely loud enough for George to catch where he was with his face so far from Dream's. But he did hear it, just barely, let the faltering grin tug at his lips in an unneeded ego-boost that dared him to be meaner.

So George slid his cock all the way out, gripped it with one hand to push metal against the catch of Dream's rim without slipping back inside of him. And Dream was mewling, the shaking hands he'd pushed back against his headboard already seeking leverage. But he found nothing but the circle of George's hand when he pushed, nothing but the catch of silver metal that George had been waiting for him to feel. And even that was enough to make Dream moan, just the catch of a pretty barbell and the silent reminder of how it had felt buried inside him.

“Please,” he found it in him to say, “*big*.”

George scoffed at the pathetic predictability, circled his rim with the slick head of his cock. And he leaned forward to slide the length of it against Dream, to catch *that fucking barbell* against him until his whine increased in volume and the shake of his thighs became impossibly more desperate. And when George looked up at Dream's face, he found the tears that threatened to spill. Found the ones that *did* spill, slicking his cheeks with something else hot in a mix with his own saliva. (Because he was drooling, *god*, he was drooling).

“Aw,” George mocked, “poor baby.”

He slid his thumb against Dream's slicked cheek, gathered tears beneath the pad of his finger and shoved his thumb between his lips. Dream was quick to suck George's thumb into his mouth, to catch him around the finger with the same tight-lipped intent he'd used on his cock. George groaned through his teeth in half-feigned annoyance, tugged his thumb free from Dream's hold and wiped it dry on the sheets.

But Dream didn't stop whining, didn't stop *crying*, near-silent with every beg for George to just *put it back in already*. It was barely coherent in the way it spilled past his lips, and despite George's penchant for teasing, he finally slid his cock back inside of Dream and found the same blissful resistance as before.

His piercing caught on the rim again, dragged a groan out of Dream's throat that left his fingers clenching around nothing. And George wasted no time getting back to the pace he'd left off at, still just as unforgiving with the thrust of his hips and the way it shook the bed into the wall.

He fell back over Dream's body with caging arms, let his large hands move away from the headboard in favor of George's pale shoulders, a large expanse of skin just waiting to be clawed into. And with newfound angles came newfound places, and George's cock was finally, *finally* dragging right up against Dream's prostate with that tantalizing fervor and the harshness of something distinctly metal.

And Dream *sobbed*. Dug nails into the skin of George's shoulders and cried up at the ceiling, all his mindless babbling filled with reminders of "big" and the sputter of something like "don't stop."

Who would George be to deny such a desperate request?

He picked his head up to look at Dream's face properly and fucked him as hard as he could. Watched the tears fall down his face and darken the pillowcase, watched him crane his neck upward with that sick expanse of bruising skin, watched spit run past his lips. And he caught those terribly slick lips in a kiss, one sloppy and unstable with the movement of their bodies.

But it let George swallow every single one of Dream's pathetic noises, let them spill into his waiting mouth until the only thing he could taste was *Dream*. And spoken word came huffed against mouths, came in strained breath that pulled tighter the closer they got to release.

"You take it so well," George whispered in praise. "Like you were made for this, made to be my slut."

Dream keened pitifully, back arching up off the bed with his desperate sound. And George slammed into him again, knocked his prostate dead-on with the sphere of a piercing in a touch that left Dream sobbing. And between his mess of tears, Dream managed to gasp out something coherent again.

"I'm close."

George groaned, rolling his hips into Dream with less speed and more vigor, the collision of their skin still sounding grossly pornographic in the hottest way imaginable.

"Me too," he answered, ducking his head back into the crook of Dream's neck.

And he did nothing but the suck on the skin below Dream's ear, scraping it gently with his teeth while he groaned loud enough for Dream to hear over himself. And Dream was close, *so close*, just one well-aimed thrust away from spilling all over himself with a cry.

It took exactly that—the scrape of a silver barbell over just the right spot, another groan when he tightened unconsciously and cried up at the ceiling with abandon. And the nails that had already carved his thighs with semi-circles dug in harder, cum slicking between their chests when George painted Dream's insides white and strictly *his*.

George's hips stilled not long after that, heaving breaths falling against Dream's ear where he still hadn't moved his head. And they laid there for a minute, Dream's legs falling from their strained position as George came up slowly. He pulled out even slower, kindly gentle when his pierced caught again on Dream's sore rim, just enough stimulation to make the blond whine.

"You okay?" George asked cautiously, running a hand up Dream's front to stroke at his cheek again.

Dream smiled, shaky hand coming up to hold George's wrist. "Better than ever."

And though his voice was scratched and spent from screaming, it was full of earnest. George smiled at the sound of it, leaning down to plant a kiss on Dream's waiting lips before he scrambled off the bed in search of water and painkillers. (Dream helped by yelling vaguely about his medicine cabinet from the bed).

When they woke up the next morning wrapped in each other and in Dream's bed, when they woke

up the next morning branding the matching title of *boyfriend* and bodies aching with exhaustion and a thousand other things, Dream wouldn't have it any other way.

Even if the first thing George had said to him that morning was "*my dick's still bigger than yours*," he loved him more than anything in the world.

Except maybe his dick piercing.

(Kidding).

## End Notes

gnf deserved a dick piercing fic hehe

if you haven't read it yet, [here's dream with a dick piercing](#)

also [my twitter](#)

Works inspired by this [one](#) [Something Like a Death Kiss](#) by Anonymous

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